

FORWARD



Christmas

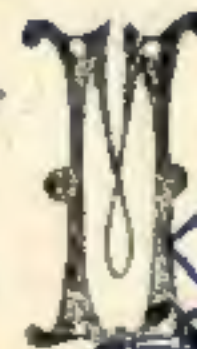
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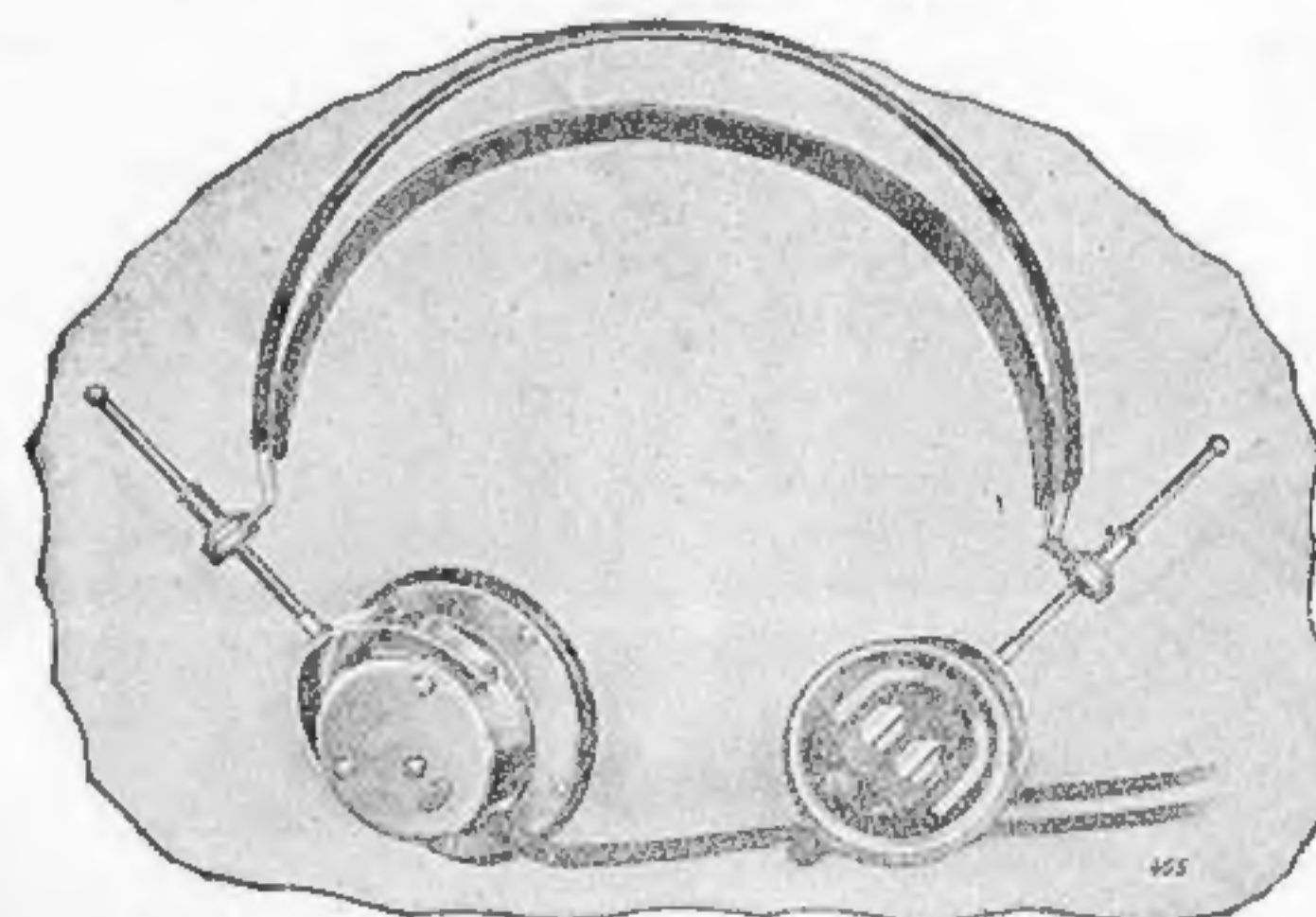
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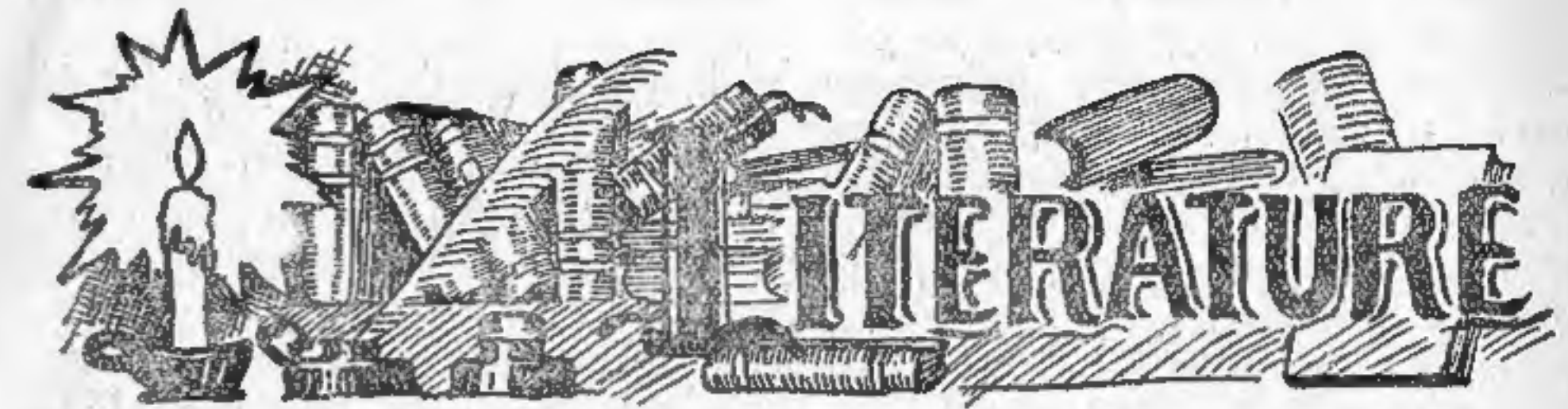
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Silver Jubilee Bells

THE Christmas bells of 1925 will ring in the S.J.C. silver jubilee. Every Christmas makes us happy but this particular one being our 25th makes us a bit pensive too; for it marks off a cycle of our college career and naturally sets us musing over the past and guessing at the future.

Our retrospect is such as will shed a nimbus of glory round this celebration of ours. For 25 years St. Joseph's College has been steadily lengthening the scrolls of its record of educational achievement and now, with a crowded quarter-century of school history, our jubilee bids us to pause and view the deeds accomplished. In that long course of years the college has unswervingly pursued the scholastic ideal which is the very reason of its existence and which those know only too well who have either kept us company in the past or hold connections with us at present. How far we have realized this educational ideal, let the army of students that has marched out into the world from S.J.C. testify! Let testify its devoted faculty: 3 pioneer founders of the college are actually at their posts; besides these, two professors are in their 22nd and 24th term of service respectively, while two others are

approaching their 10th, and the resignation of the more recently assigned faculty members is far from imminent; the actual director—the second of the only two the school ever had—is in his 14th term of office. Let testify the actual students for whom the College is an other home and S.J.C. school-life, the most pleasant of occupations. Let testify finally this small extract from the school's annals bearing on its progressively increasing enrollment:—

Year	Students.
1901	75
1905	118
1910	134
1915	156
1920	338

* * * * *

The dreadful day of Sept. 1st, 1923 nearly witnessed the complete ruin of St. Joseph's College. By the good Providence of God, an important fragment of the college group—significantly enough the *school* building—was left to stand, a very memorial, amid universal ruin, of what once was and a luminous starting-point of what still may be the greater St. Joseph's College. Dreadful as was that day's annihilation, it did not sound the doom of this school, not even impose

a serious interruption in its activity, and after a two-year refugeehood at Kobe, it has this very year come back to its old field of glory there to celebrate its jubilee triumph. So much for our retrospect. Get out the Forwards of by-gone years and fill in the details.

As for our prospect, it is indeed bright but we need the whole loyal host of our oldtime friends, patrons and well-wishers to brighten it still more. On the eve of the disaster St. Joseph College was within short remove of a general expansion in buildings, playgrounds and boarding accommodations; but Quake Day reduced our buildings—save one—to ashes, halved our student body (270 to 130), maimed us now since several years while the enormous losses shattered our plans and stayed our progress. But we are conscious of the vitality that thrills this S.J.C.

organism and we know the quality of our friends. We must appeal to them as in years past but we are assured they will not miss the opportunity of the first silver jubilee of the school they helped to create. We ask these friends of ours to join the 145 jubilists here on the old camp grounds and to watch us closely as the scholastic year rolls on toward the jubilee week in September for, we will be gradually perfecting plans to celebrate our 25th birthday in a befitting manner; and we desire to keep all our academic relatives in touch with our preparations so that we may be the surer of having them with us when the big day comes along. Well-wishers of the St. Joseph College, our jubilee year is inaugurated!

Ye friends of ours, true and tried,
On whom your Alma e'er relied,
Come swell the fund of jubilee
Lend aid to rebuild S.J.C.

The Reopening of Saint Joseph's College

Kostia Kosloff '26

ON the bright autumn morning of the 16th of September, St. Joseph's College of Yokohama welcomed back once more its cheerful and loyal student body.

I say St. Joseph's College of Yokohama; it seems odd to be thus particular about the locality, but after the dreadful catastrophe of two years ago and the consequent exile of the school at Sumiyoshi, it is but natural that everyone should feel the keenest joy on coming back to Yokohama, the birth place and home of the College.

Indeed this was one of the most cheerful reopenings the school has

ever had. To be back at the old, familiar place, one that held so many sweet, innocent souvenirs of years gone by; a place where the College had struggled thru its first days of hardships and where with untiring efforts it had educated its pupils to become real, sturdy and honest men; a place where we had battled thru the hard, but open, honest, clean games and learned the important lessons of victory, as well as defeat; a place where new, unknown mysteries of life were to unravel themselves before us. And now.....the recognition that once again we were at our Alma Mater who so tenderly

nursed our soul, mind, and body, produced one great feeling of joy.

Yes, there was joy in our hearts on this memorable day. It was one of those happy moments of our life when the world seems so beautiful, so kind, so attractive that one is ready to seize the first nearest hand with an impulse of true friendship and with open sympathy to hug everybody for a mile around. This was the spirit that animated every boy on that day of happiness. Never were the faces of the school lads beaming with such bright, animating and genuine smile as on this particularly happy September morning. Never was there a finer day for the S. J. C. boys; everyone felt it and everyone frankly betrayed this inward joy.

And how many good, cheerful surprises and fulfilled hopes awaited us: Our playground was in a good stage of development and a score of workmen were busily levelling it so as to provide us with an excellent campus for the various kinds of sports.

Then there was standing our magnificent building that had so valiantly withstood the destructive quake and now was one of the few edifices on the Bluff. Its excellent classrooms and all the necessary conveniences of a superb structure were to be ours. And there was too, a nice lot of boys to attend it, the first day alone marked 116 boys to which number a dozen more have since been added.

Were not all these tidings and surprises glad and happy ones? Wasn't it a cheerful day to renew our school career after two hard periods of makeshifts and temporizing in sympathetic and warm-hearted Kobe and to restart under the roof of our own abode in Yokohama? Yet this was more than what we had expected and looked forward to, and it filled our cup of joy to the brim.

Many long years and many more reopenings such as the 1925-1926 is our wish to our grand old school of Yokohama.

Bokuden and the Pirates

S. Kawazoe '26

IT was a bright morning. The calm sea reflected the golden rays of the sun. The misty low-lying Awaji island across the bay was motionless on the horizon. A gentle breeze blowing eastward and spotless blue above assured the mariners of the comfortable voyage they were about to start. The vessel was of a wooden hulk of about 100 tons built with the finest equipment of the 17th. century oriental civilization.

After having loaded the cargoes bound for Edo (present Tokyo) and passengers embarked, the ship slid silently into the vast Pacific, passing the strait of Naruo in safety and headed straight for the port of Shimizu. The passengers comprised some twenty people, marchants, letter carriers, three Samurais and two bonzes. They were all confined in a small cabin, of about 20 mats, with low ceiling and square windows in

the walls. Soon the voyagers became intimately acquainted with one another and, grouped here and there in twos and threes, they were noisily engaged in gossiping and relating their experiences. Two of the aforementioned Samurais sat in a remote corner quietly talking in low tones and sipping their "sake" from the traditional gourd container.

And so the ship merrily sailed over the placid water. Suddenly a pugilistic argument broke out between a merchant and a letter carrier who had been arguing over the sceneries of Edo and Osaka. In their excitement one of them fell with a heavy thump on the small wet banquet which the two Samurais were enjoying. Furious with rage, the Samurais stood to punish him with their swords crying, "How can a low creature of your base class dare to interfere with the pleasures of your superiors and be forgiven without paying for it by his good-for-nothing life?" The two bonzes who had been watching the broil with growing interest came forward between the horror-stricken merchant and Samurais and quietly spoke to them, "We understand your perfect reasoning and admit that you have every right to slay this merchant. But wouldn't it be a disgrace to the honor of your swordsmanship to kill a helpless creature such as this? Besides we luckily happen to carry with us a famous "sake of perpetual youth" and we would be only too glad to present it to you in compensation, for this man's outrageous manners if you forgive him." Influenced by this talk and promise and somewhat embarrassed at their own quick tempers, the two Samurais replied they would leave everything to the judgment of the bonzes. Now the "sake" of the perpetual youth was dealt out and at the kind invitation

all the greedy voyagers hastened to take part in this free feast.

A third Samurai who lay sleeping in the corner, since the boat had left port, was a man of about 35 years, in prime of life; well set shoulders and swelling muscles beneath his neglected kimono indicated his gigantic strength. His big swords lay close at his side and a string, tied to his fingers and the hilts of the swords told of his cautiousness even in sleep.

As the feast went on gayly, an unexpected and strange sight disturbed the merry scene. Each passenger fell down, mouth foaming and eyes rolling in agony but unable to utter a single sound beyond a death-like rattle. The bonzes exchanging sneering smiles went out to the deck and the thrilling echoes of a nearby whistle pierced the still atmosphere.

Two small boats which had been following the ship at a distance now approached quickly and a score of men well clad, with weapons of all kinds, jumped lightly over onto the deck. After receiving some instructions from the bonzes who seemed to be their commanders, they hastened to the cabin to rob the helpless travellers. But when they arrived at the entrance a tall Samurai stood there smiling. As they tried to enter regardless, he thundered out in ear splitting voice, "Pirates, listen!" The evil looks of these bonzes led me to pretend sleep, but everything came out as I expected. To save these people, I'll slay every one of you and henceforth make this route a peaceful one. Be on your guard!" Upon these words his four foot sword cut a full swath into the pirates. The robbers crowding upon the narrow gangway could do nothing but receive his deadly blows. In a few minutes the blade was dyed in

blood of his antagonists and became rugged like the edge of a saw. Seeing that he was much superior to them, the few surviving pirates turned their backs and fled to the deck. Pursuing close at their heels he also jumped out and faced them once more. Although they fought bravely they could not match the marvellous skill of this Samurai and in a few sweeping strokes they all followed their predecessors for good or bad.

Exhausted by this extraordinary feat of skill, he sat to take a little rest before going down to the cabin to treat the drugged voyagers. And, Oh, what horror! A cold muzzle of a "Tanegashima" (the first gun brought over by the Portuguese) slowly rose between the massive cargoes. A deafening "Bang" and the Samurai fell heavily on the deck. An inert, motionless figure.....

The bonzes came rushing from their concealment. One of them laughing loud, "Ha—ha—ha—! Even Benkei—the Jack-the-Giant of Japanes lore—would surrender to this "Tanegashima." Ha—ha." "Yes," replied the other hastily, "And we will cut him into pieces in vengeance for all my companions. Lets hurry." They advanced to the prostrate form and as both were about to strike down with their swords, the body with a sudden leap, stood facing the astonished pirates!. He was not hurt by the first bullet but in order to avoid the second shot, he had pretended to be dead.....

The rest of the story, I will leave to the imagination of the readers and let it suffice to say that this brave Samurai was Bokuden Tsukahara, the most renowned swordsman of entire Japan.

Captain Stevenson

Alfred Agajan '26

CARRYING a bundle on his shoulder Morray swaggered up the gangway, and stepped aboard the Swallow, a dirty little freighter that carried iron. He was a huge man, bulking tremendously against the evening sky. His broad shoulders, aggressive jaw, and big black eyes clearly showed boldness in the new comer.

"Fine lump of a fellow," said Captain Stevenson to himself as he watched his new man come aboard. "I don't like his looks, but he'll work. I'll get him on all jobs."

The Old Man as he was known among the crew, let his glance rove

over the Swallow. Rust!—Rust!—there was no end of rust. But the Old Captain had his own ideas as to how a ship should look. Tho he was as fussy and fiddling as an old woman,—always busy,—always buzzing and warring,—he seldom accomplished anything.

"Rust's my enemy," he declared. "I believe in giving my men plenty of work. Stops insolence; keeps them from grumbling. If they don't like it, let them go. Always plenty more men to be had. But you don't catch me paying them a cent if they leave before their time is up. Let the Board of Trade pay them. A

in the quiet pastoral landscape was where a little string of labourers with their baskets over their shoulders were trudging across the park.

I strolled thru the park, a double-barreled gun over my back, lost in reverie.....my dog, evidently in high spirits, pacing a few yards ahead.

Suddenly he stopped and pricked his ears. For a moment he stood as if frozen in this attitude, then cramped down, and slowly, as if bending under a heavy load began to crawl along the road.

I glanced across the little valley and saw a sparrow fledgeling, with yellowish beak and head covered with rosy down. Seemingly it had fallen from the nest and was now lying motionless on the road with outspread wings that availed it nothing for flight to safety.

My dog was stealthily approaching it, when suddenly an old black-breasted sparrow dropped like a bolt from a tree, threw itself at the very jaws of Rover and, all ruffled, began a struggling demonstration of defense

and attack at the open, threatening jaw of the big enemy.

It had offered itself to save, to shield its little one, but all its little body was trembling from fear and horror, its voice was turning wild, its wings dropped in overexertion. It was sacrificing itself! What a gigantic monster was the dog in comparison with this tiny feathered body and yet it would not stay in selfish security, aloft in the tree while its fledgeling was in imminent danger.

What force, stronger than its own desire for self preservation, was that which brought it down?

My dog stopped, reared. He too stood at bay in presence of this force.

I hastened to call back the confused beast and passed on, admiring. Yes don't laugh, I was admiring this little, heroic bird with its mighty impulse of affection.

Love, thought I, is mightier than death,—than the fear of death. Ay love is the very law of life.

FRANÇAIS

Notre visite à la fabrique d'acétylène

I. Agafuroff '26

Le 4 novembre, les élèves des deux plus hautes classes de notre école eurent le plaisir et l'avantage d'aller visiter, sous la surveillance de Mr. Janning, la fabrique d'acétylène, dirigée par la "Société Française d'Acétylène."

Partis de l'école vers une heure, nous arrivâmes vers 2 heures à Kanagawa, où la fabrique est située.

Nous fûmes reçus de la manière la plus aimable par M. Tsutsui, sous la direction de qui nous eûmes le plaisir de visiter toute l'usine.

D'abord on nous introduisit dans une salle spacieuse où l'on voit des machines de toutes espèces, et dont le fracas épouvantable rendit toute conversation impossible. Après cinq

minutes d'inspection générale, M. Tsutsui nous invita à le suivre pour l'inspection des ateliers. Dans une première salle, l'air destiné à être liquéfié, entre dans de vastes compartiments remplis de chaux qui le purifie jusqu'à un certain point. Puis il est conduit dans une citerne où il est comprimé sous une pression de 40 atmosphères. De là il traverse des couches successives de coton imprégné d'hydroxide de sodium pour être purifié complètement. Passant ensuite par des tubes remplis d'eau froide, l'air se refroidit de plus en plus, jusqu'à ce que, arrivé à une température très basse, il est réduit à l'état liquide. En faisant bouillir cet air liquide, voici ce qui arrive: l'oxygène dont le point d'ébullition est -183 degrés, commence à bouillir le premier et se sépare de l'azote qui ne bout qu'à -195.7. L'oxygène à l'état gazeux est recueilli dans des réservoirs, d'où il est conduit dans des cylindres pouvant contenir chacun à peu près 7000 litres.

Après avoir examiné comment se fabrique l'air liquide, nous allâmes voir les citernes d'acétylène. On sait que l'eau mélangée avec du carbonate de calcium donne lieu à une réaction chimique dont le produit est l'acétylène. Cette réaction chimique n'est autre que ce qui se passe dans nos lampes de charbon. Seulement, dans le premier cas, l'acétylène est recueilli pour servir à l'éclairage, tandis que dans les lampes de charbon il est consumé immédiatement. Le gaz une fois fabriqué, est séché par la soude caustique et recueilli dans des réservoirs.

La troisième et de beaucoup la plus intéressante partie de notre visite consista à assister à des expériences variées dont voici les plus remarquables. Un des ouvriers apporta un seau plein d'oxygène bouillant. C'était

aussi curieux qu'intéressant de voir la vapeur d'oxygène flotter comme un lourd brouillard juste au-dessus du seau. M. Tsutsui fit bouillir une banane dans cette oxygène liquide pendant environ une minute. Après qu'il l'en eut sortie, elle était devenue dure comme du verre, et ce ne fut qu'à coups de marteau qu'elle put être cassée en plusieurs morceaux. Une certaine quantité de mercure fut ensuite placée dans l'oxygène et quand il se fut solidifié on le remit dans un bocal rempli d'eau chaude où dans l'espace de moins de 30 secondes il revint à l'état liquide.

Après avoir vu plusieurs autres expériences de même nature nous nous rendîmes aux ateliers. Là M. Tsutsui prit un tuyau d'arrosage terminé par une ouverture de bronze très effilée par laquelle sortit un jet d'acétylène et d'oxygène, mélangées dans des proportions déterminées. Ce mélange donne en brûlant une flamme blanche dont l'éclat et la température n'ont pas été surpassés jusqu'ici. La raison d'être du bronze est d'empêcher l'extrémité du tube de se fondre. Le gaz en jaillit avec une telle violence que la flamme se produit à une certaine distance de l'ouverture. Dans cette flamme oxy-acétylène deux pièces de fer furent soudées avec aisance et deux autres pièces furent rejointes de la même manière.

Ce fut la dernière des expériences auxquelles nous eûmes le plaisir d'assister. Après avoir remercié nos hôtes nous revînmes chez nous, satisfaits de toutes les choses intéressantes et instructives que nous avions vues. Nous sommes redevables à M. Bouillion qui avait projeté cette visite de tout ce que nous avons appris. Nous remercions également M. Tsutsui qui par ses explications claires et nettes a rendu notre visite plus intéressante et plus profitable.

Le voleur de chaudron

S. Dresser '26

Il y a bien longtemps, lorsque les daimyo ou seigneurs féodaux régnaient encore au Japon, vivait dans ce pays un simple villageois qui soupçonnait un mendiant estropié de lui avoir volé un chaudron.

Un jour, pendant qu'il se rendait à sa petite hutte, il trouva le chaudron en question posé sur une cheminée de pierre.

"Tiens!" dit-il en s'adressant au mendiant, qui le fixait d'un air étonné, "Où as-tu trouvé ce chaudron? Il est à moi; je l'ai eu pendant plus de 10 ans et on me l'a volé l'autre nuit."

"Non, mon ami, vous vous trompez; répondit le mendiant, je vous dis que c'est le mien. Comment pourrais-je emporter un ustensile aussi lourd que cela, moi qui suis boiteux?"

Chacun soutenait son idée avec tant d'opiniâtreté qu'il en résulta une violente dispute, et comme aucun ne voulut céder, ils allèrent soumettre le cas à un juge expérimenté.

Le grand chaudron ayant été placé au milieu de la salle du tribunal, les deux plaignants furent invités à entrer. Le juge s'adressa d'abord au villageois dont le chaudron avait été volé, et lui dit:

"Êtes-vous sûr que ce chaudron vous appartient?"

"Certainement, je le suis," répondit le plaignant. "Je l'ai acheté il y a

plus de 10 ans. Ce n'est que l'autre nuit qu'il a disparu de ma cheminée, et je suis sûr que ce boiteux me l'a volé, car je l'ai vu dans sa hutte."

"Cet homme est dans l'erreur," s'écria le mendiant avec colère, en faisant accompagner ses protestations de gestes violents. "Ce chaudron est à moi, voici plus de 25 ans que je m'en sers; d'ailleurs comment pourrais-je emporter un objet si lourd?"

Le juge écoutait les deux hommes attentivement pendant quelque temps. Puis après quelques moments de profonde réflexion il dit au boiteux:

"Tu as raison, privé de jambes comme tu es, tu n'as pas pu emporter ce chaudron. Sans doute ce doit être le tien. Donc, sois satisfait et remporte-le chez toi."

Le mendiant, ravi de cette sentence, met aussitôt le chaudron sur sa tête et se dirige allègrement vers sa hutte. Mais, tout à coup il entend derrière lui une voix rude et autoritaire qui lui cria:

"Halte, scélérat! Tu es un voleur et un menteur!"

C'étaient les agents de police que le juge avait envoyés après le mendiant. Celui-ci, pris dans ce stratagème, fut conduit en prison comme prix de sa fourberie, tandis que le villageois s'en allait chez lui acquitté.

Un Petit Incident

S. Kawazoe '26

Le petit Georges avait été un peu la fin du mois, un certificat paresseux pendant le dernier mois. rouge ce qui était toujours Le résultat en fut qu'il reçut, à suivi d'une bonne réprimande de la

part de son père, homme rigoureux et sévère. Georges savait bien que ce dernier ne manquerait pas de trouver, tôt ou tard, la malheureuse feuille rouge et que comme punition, il lui défendrait d'aller au cinéma avec son ami Paul. Alors, guidé par une mauvaise inspiration il se décida à son retour à se débarrasser de son certificat en le jetant sur le chemin.

Arrivé à la maison, il dit à son père: "Papa, le Directeur nous a dit qu'il n'y aurait pas de certificat pour ce dernier mois." Le père, pensant que son petit garçon était honnête, crut ce qu'on lui avait dit.

Peu de temps après le dîner, Paul, l'ami de Georges, arriva à la maison de ce dernier, les deux enfants ayant été convenus d'aller au cinéma dans la soirée. Paul était rayonnant de joie; il avait reçu un bon certificat, fruit de son application. La mère lui avait donné en outre une petite somme d'argent avec une belle plume fontaine. Dans la conversation, Paul

remarqua avec un accent de légitime fierté, en montrant sa plume, "Voici ce que Maman m'a donné aujourd'hui, parce que j'ai été premier en classe." A ces mots Georges rougit et jeta un coup d'oeil inquiet vers son père. Du coup celui-ci comprit tout, mais ne dit rien.

Quand le pauvre Georges revint du cinéma, il trouva la porte fermée. Il était obligé de rester dans une atmosphère froide pendant un temps considérable, après quoi son père lui permit d'entrer.

Contrairement à son attente, le père lui dit d'un ton très calme, "Mon enfant! Je ne veux plus faire aucune allusion à ta conduite d'aujourd'hui. Je pense que tu es assez âgé pour comprendre ta faute et j'espère sincèrement que ce qui s'est passé ne se reproduira plus. Maintenant, va au lit!"

A partir de ce jour-là, Georges devint très studieux et il ne reçut plus de certificat rouge.

Un aujourd'hui vaut mieux que deux demains

W. H. Helm '26

Jacques est un petit garçon d'une dizaine d'années. Il a de beaux yeux bleus et de longues boucles de cheveux blonds. Bien qu'un peu étourdi, il est loin d'être méchant.

Un jour, son père s'était rendu dans la ville voisine pour affaires et Jacques était seul à la maison avec sa maman. Or, ce même jour, il y avait congé dans l'après-midi et Jacques avec quelques camarades, décida de faire une promenade.

Avant de partir, sa mère lui dit: "Jacques, ne manque pas d'être de retour pour cinq heures afin que tu

puisses finir tes devoirs pour demain." L'enfant promit bien de tenir compte des recommandations de sa maman.

Mais les montagnes avaient tant d'attractions, les fleurs étaient si belles à voir et le chant des oiseaux si agréable à entendre que le joyeux groupe de promeneurs, oubliant les distances, alla trop loin et ne retourna qu'à la tombée de la nuit.

La marche avait été longue et fatigante et ce fut en vain que Jacques essaya de se mettre au travail. Vaincu par la fatigue et le sommeil, il ne tarda pas à s'endormir sur ses

livres. Tout travail, ce soir-là, lui fut impossible. Mais ce ne fut pas tout : le lendemain matin il se leva trop tard et n'arriva à l'école qu'après le son de la cloche. Le maître le réprimanda vivement de sa négligence, et lui donna une mauvaise note.

Lorsque, quelques jours après, le

père revint et apprit ce qui s'était passé, il ne manqua pas de blâmer Jacques assez sévèrement. L'enfant profita de la leçon et à partir de ce jour-là, il comprit mieux la vérité du proverbe : Ne remettez pas à demain ce que vous pouvez faire aujourd'hui.

Mon Serin.

Wa Dai Loo '27

Il y a trois ans, mon grand-père m'a fait cadeau d'un serin. C'est un gentil, petit oiseau au plumage jaune ; j'aime beaucoup mon petit serin et je l'ai mis dans une magnifique cage neuve. C'est mon oiseau favori. Son chant est très doux et très agréable à entendre.

Un jour, comme il chantait avec son entrain accoutumé, un chat s'approcha de la cage et essaya de dévorer le petit oiseau, mais mon bon perroquet qui était dans le même salon que le serin se mit à crier aussi haut qu'il pouvait : "Un chat, un chat !" En ce moment j'étais dans la chambre voisine. En entendant ce cri d'alarme, je courus vers le salon pour m'informer de ce qu'il y

avait. Quand j'arrivai je trouvai la cage brisée. Le chat effrayé à ma vue se sauva par la fenêtre. Je suis très heureux de dire que mon pauvre serin a échappé à une mort cruelle. Il n'a même pas reçu la moindre blessure.

Voilà déjà plus de deux ans que cet accident est arrivé et à présent mon oiseau favori commence à vieillir ; mais son chant est encore aussi doux que dans sa jeunesse. C'est vraiment un beau cadeau que mon grand-père m'a fait. Aussi toutes les fois que je lui écris je lui donne des nouvelles de mon serin et lui dis que l'oiseau avec son charmant gazouillement me rappelle constamment la gentillesse de son donateur.

Sur La Banquise.

Dante Dentici '28

En 1825, une expédition comprenant trois Français, deux Italiens, deux Américains et un Javanais, partit de la Suède pour les mers polaires sur le paquebot Aramis.

Les trois Français, un père avec ses deux fils, appartenaient à une famille noble. Les deux Italiens étaient également frères. Les Américains étaient officiers de l'armée des Etats-Unis ;

Malgré mille difficultés les explorateurs arrivèrent bientôt au milieu d'une vaste étendue gelée, où après avoir dressé leurs tentes ils se mirent à discuter leurs plans sur la continuation de l'expédition. Un des Français, nommé Maurice, avait été atteint en route d'une bronchite qui le contraignit à garder le lit. Vers le soir un des Italiens se leva et dit : "Voilà la nuit qui approche et nous n'avons rien pour préparer notre repas. Qui veut venir avec moi à la recherche de quelque gibier ?".

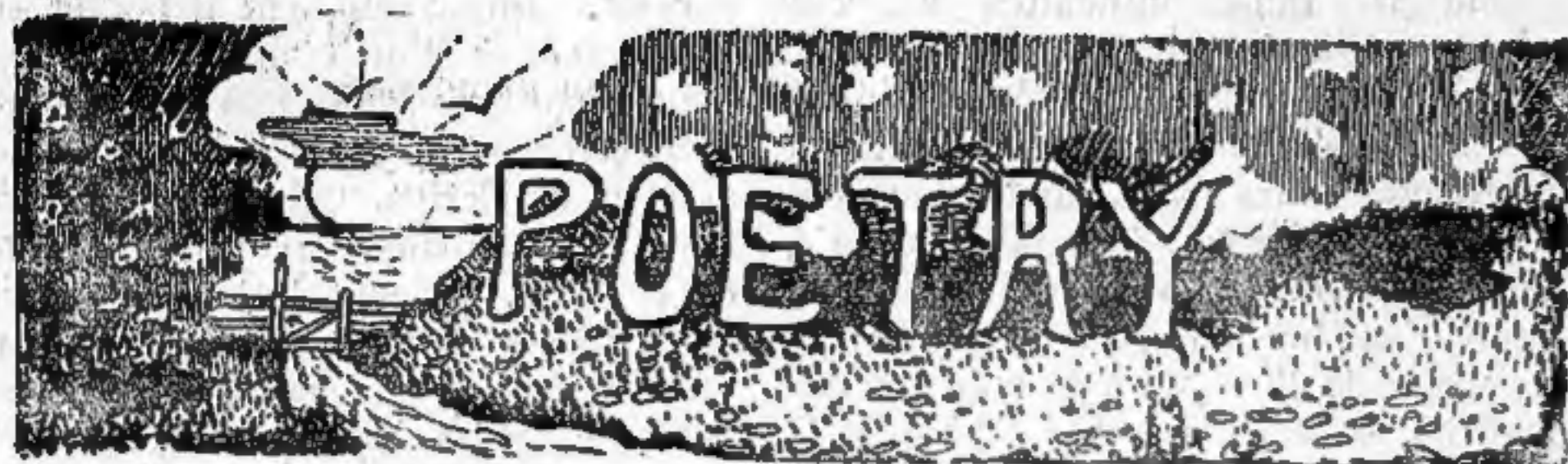
Les deux Français s'offrirent aussitôt et en un moment furent prêts à partir. Le jeune Maurice aurait bien voulu les accompagner car il avait le pressentiment que le Javanais, dont la physionomie sombre ainsi que les manières sournoises lui avaient inspiré de l'inquiétude dès le début de l'expédition, lui jouerait un mauvais tour durant l'absence de ses compagnons.

Voilà donc les chasseurs partis. Ils ne tardèrent pas à arriver sur une banquise où ils se mirent à creuser des trous dans la glace pour la pêche. Le Javanais les avait suivis à la dérobée, guettant le moment favorable de les massacrer, car son maître, ennemi acharné de la France, lui avait promis dix mille francs s'il pouvait tuer ces Français. Maurice, alors dans sa tente, priait le Bon Dieu de protéger les absents quand il entendit deux coups de fusil suivis de profonds gémissements. Mettant aussitôt ses bottes et surmontant sa grande faiblesse il se hâta vers le lieu d'où étaient partis les coups. Voici ce qu'il constata : le Javanais avait tiré deux coups de revolver, blessant son père et l'Italien. Voyant qu'il ne pouvait exécuter complètement son projet meurtrier, il essaya de détacher la banquise à coups de hache. C'est pendant qu'il était occupé à ce travail que Maurice

survint. Immédiatement il bondit sur le criminel et d'un coup de crosse le coucha par terre. Mais un autre danger menaçait maintenant : la banquise s'en alla à la dérive. Maurice eut beau faire des signaux ; il n'y eut point de réponse, car son père était gravement blessé et ses deux compagnons étendus par terre, évanouis. Maurice accourut alors en toute hâte vers la tente pour informer le reste du groupe de ce qu'il avait vu. Sans tarder, ils préparèrent leurs traîneaux et filèrent dans la direction du lieu de l'attentat. En peu de temps, ils arrivèrent à un bac d'où ils eurent le plaisir d'apercevoir, dans le lointain, une banquise flottant sur la large rivière et portant trois taches noires. "Bravo !" s'écria Maurice, "je crois que nous les avons trouvés." Puis s'adressant aux bateliers il offrit une grosse somme à celui d'entre eux qui les conduirait, sans accident et sans retard, jusqu'à la banquise.

En dépit des courants et des petits icebergs que charriait l'énorme rivière, le but fut atteint en moins d'une heure. On s'imagina la joie avec laquelle les trois victimes d'une si noire trahison accueillirent leurs libérateurs. Après que les blessés eurent reçu les premiers soins on s'embarqua. En route les malades reprirent peu à peu connaissance et demandèrent des explications sur la cause de leur accident, ce qui fut fait en quelques mots.

Peu de jours après, le paquebot Bornin siffla et partit d'un des ports de la Suède, ayant à bord les trois Français, les deux Américains et les deux Italiens, tous en parfaite santé. Chacun se plaisait à raconter à qui voulait l'entendre, l'histoire de leur aventure récente. Mais Maurice ne douta jamais que l'heureux dénouement de l'accident ne fût la réponse du ciel à ses prières.



TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Oh loving Mary always be
A mother unto me,
Oh loving Mary always show
Thyself a guide to me.

Oh be my Mother in my needs
Low at thy feet I lay
My feeble soul inclined to sin,
Oh strengthen it I pray.

Oh guide me with Thy holy light,
I dare not pace the way,
For it is dark and perilous
And I might go astray.

Oh aid me 'gainst the wily foes
That roam both night and day,
Yes they that seek to ruin man
Oh drive them all away.

And if I fall beneath their hand
Oh help me out again,
Thou knowest well that I am weak
Oh do not me disdain.

Oh shield me from all wickedness
Grant me Thy holy grace,
So that when life is done, I shall
That great reward embrace.

Then mother assist me when
Life's sands their course have run
Unto my very dying breath
Until my crown is won.

F. Clarke '27

FRIENDSHIP

In all the greatest hardship
Of life's long dreary way,
No better thing than friendship
Can cheer us through the day.

So help your fellow creatures
In every way you can,
And God will give you features
To grace a higher clad.

C. G. des Remedios '24

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Low, gentle, singing, Christmas bells
Softly they creep, quiver, and die.
They penetrate my soul's recess,
And swerve it upward to the sky.
Again I'm loving, gay and strong;
Forgotten is my worldly strife;
The spirit's blithe, the body young
And quite enchanting is one's life.
My tears bedew the painful marks:
The souvenirs of former pain;
To new sensations, now it harks,
And falls beneath a sweeter strain.

K. Kosloff '26

SANTACLAUS

A good old man is Santaclaus;
I say a good man because
Plenty presents he will bring
To all who have been kind and loving.

On Christmas eve when all is still,
And snow lies on the window sill,
And stars now dot the skies of night,
Then father X'mas comes in sight.

Upon his deer sleigh on the roofs;
But not a sound is heard of hoofs.
It's very strange, I know not why,
It seems to me they only fly.

WINTER'S SCENES

The hoary whiteness of the snow
Contrasted with the pines which show
Their darkness, 'gainst its dazzling glow

In winter

The fleecy clouds above so high
Completely overcast the sky
Whilst piercing gales go sweeping by

In winter

The lakes are frozen, now they're still
And quiet is the meadow till
And mantled is the wooded hill

In winter

The hoary snow, the chilly wind,
And all those scenes, they all remind
Me of the spot I left behind

My home in winter

I. Agafuroff '26

POETRY WEEK

Oh, once again that week has come
A poem must now be made.
Because the teacher told us so
We cannot it evade.

But what am I to write about,
I think it was "Free Lance."
Oh Inspiration come to me
And give me but one chance.

Oh yes, I have it, 'tis so grand
I'll write a poem on Spring
But now 'tis Autumn I forgot
It is 'nt quite the thing.

Well then I'll write on Autumn days
This time it will be fine.
But trees won't rhyme with dying leaves
Nor will it rhyme with vine.

What shall I do, I do not know
I cannot make a line.
And think of it, that I had hoped
To make it stanzas nine.

A. Dresser '27

At every chimney top he stops
And down the flue with sack he drops.
It seem it matters not at all,
Be it a chimney big or small.

He comes to us but once a year
So be you loving, kind, sincere,
That he may give you many toys,
And fullest share of Christmas joys.

E. Salter '26

WINTER

Oh! Welcome winter fair!
Come; cheer the dismal scene:
The trees, the hills are bare,
Put on thy snow-white screen.

Come! Stay with us a while!
Upon this earth alight.
Make it a jewelled kingdom,
A kingdom of delight.

Erect thy snowy castles
Let chilly winds arise
And turn the crystal waters
To smooth and sparkling ice.

Then 'pon the winter's air
The ringing voices will break:
The sharp, metallic sound
Of skates upon the lake.

K. Kosloff '26

HOME MADE POETRY

The southern zephyr 's blowing;
Hey, stop that will you please.
The crimson sun is rising;
That awful smell of cheese.
The yellow buds are peeping;
Quit spilling all that ink.
The choristers are singing;
But where is Cook the Chink?
The modest daisy growing;
I smell those pancakes now.
The little brooklets winding;
Those rogues are in a row.
The brilliant sun is shining;
Stop carving in that soap.
The golden blossoms blooming;
My stars, I give up hope.

W. Fehlen '27

A SONG OF THE SEA

I am the deep the restless blue
Which men now call the sea,
I am the boundless, vast expanse
The open and the free.

I've borne the ships from shore to shore
Since ages now long past,
But some were lost within my depths
When wrecked by stormy blasts.

I've tried to wash away the land
The stubborn rocks to jar,
And in the night when nature sleeps
My roar is heard afar.

When I'm at rest and all is mild
Then calmness marks my life,
But when disturbed and set in wrath
Then death stalks in the strife.

Yet there is One All powerful
Who walked upon my breast,
And at his word I bowed my head
To His supreme behest.

Some men have tried, some men will try
My wonders to disclose,
But fools are they to think they could
To light my rooms expose.

Yet there is One Who knows all things
My secrets does He see,
He knows of all the deep retreats
Of e'en a giant like me.

For of the universe He's King
And will be evermore,
And though I bow my head to none
The Lord I will adore.

Fred Clarke '27

EDITORIAL

Greetings

THE Faculty and Pupils of the St. Joseph's College wish to thank all the readers of the Forward for their interest in our College and in this magazine. We also wish them a very, very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Christmas

ONCE again a year has rolled by and Christmas, with all its joys and religious significance, has come with the message of the birth of the Messiah and peace on earth to men of good will to lighten our burdens and make us reflect on the hereafter and the goodness of God. It is a time when men of all creeds—Christians and Pagans, alike, reflect on the teaching of Christ, disciples. It is also a time when all petty feelings, hatred, envy, and greed, are forgotten and men join hearts and voices in returning thanks to the Omnipotent for all the mercies

St. Joseph's College (Class rooms - north view)



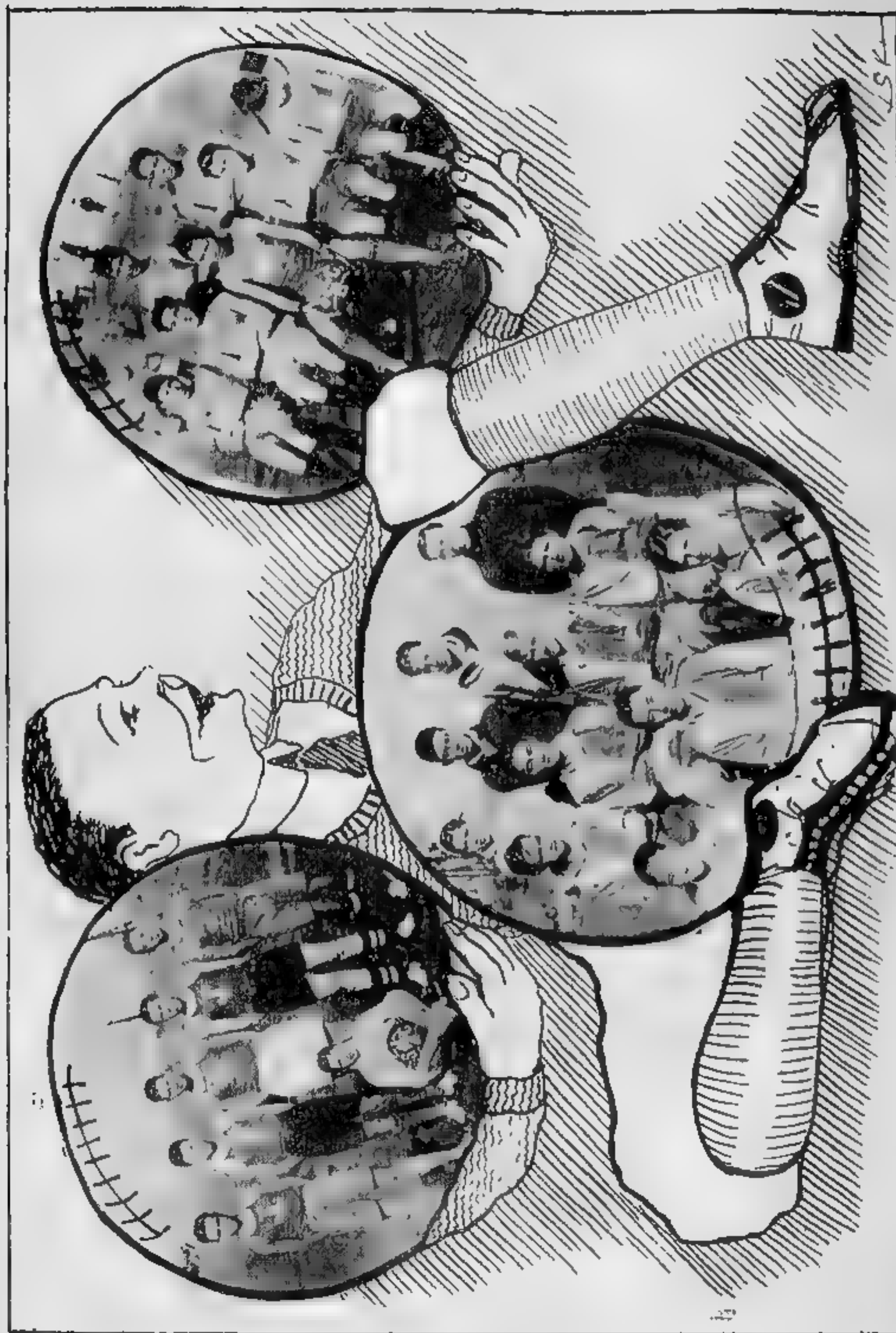


S. J. C. for Foreign Boys

Faculty Hall

St. Maur School for Foreign Girls





Our Teams

DECEMBER, 1925

17

and benefits received during the past twelve months. Therefore it is our earnest desire that all of us forget the cares and worries of our daily life and devote some time, especially during the Yuletide days, to prayer and meditation.

"O, it's time to turn with a golden smile
To the friend we doubted and scorned a while,
To rid our hearts of their greed and guile!
For it's Christmas time again."

Return

It is universally recognized that the most vitally needed organization in the upbuilding of a foreign community is a progressive and liberal-minded public institute for the education of children. The boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow, and, therefore, it is needless to stress the very great work which a school, conducted by competent teachers, renders to the welfare of a foreign community.

Considered in this light, the return of the St. Joseph's College to Yokohama is very beneficial to the foreigners, who, in spite of the

terrible disaster of September 1st, 1923, have chosen to remain in Yokohama.

It is and will be the endeavour of the Faculty of this College to resume its good work, interrupted in such a terrible manner in 1923, and, I am sure, the foreign community is very glad to see the St. Joseph's College come home again.

The practical way in which they manifested their appreciation is shown in the large enrollment of students. At present we number 131 boys of these 43 are resident students.

A. A.



By Stanley Dresser '26

Motia Krivorutchko was well pleased with the last issue of the "Forward." It's too bad that your graduation picture was not among those of your classmates. Our congratulations to you, Motia, for your

success in attaining the first place in your school and for being honored by a gold medal. His address is: No. 14 Pekarnaya Street Harbin, Manchuria.

Fortune Aubrae was elected a member of the municipal council of Dragress. Well done Aubrae.

Jack Agajan thinks that our return from exile will mark the rebirth of S. J. C. Good for you Jack, you always wish something good for your Alma Mater. Jack is working with the Japan Advertiser in Tokyo. Keep it up old top, and you'll be an editor pretty soon.

Joe Miller appreciates the "Forward" very much. It reminds him of the College and his happy days in Yokohama. His address is: 1734 McGee Avenue, Berkeley, California, U. S. A.

Emil Cotte is leaving France for Japan this month. He is expected to visit his old friends sometime in January.

Charlie Pedersen and George Weed. They have both been elected Vice-Presidents of their respective classes, viz., Senior Collegiate and Senior-High. This is certainly a feather in the cap of S. J. C. and we are proud of you. Congratulations.

A. d'Aquino. Our "Tennyson," is now a business-man. He is with the Chartered Bank in Yokohama.

Max Fachtmann is still full of promise and is seen practicing basketball regularly on the Y. M. C. A. floor.

Edward Gomes. "Ed" has adopted the same opinion as his great chum "Max" He is also keen on basket-ball.

Samuel Shaw is holding his own at the University of Dayton where he is quite contented not to bother the mail man in Yokohama.

Julien Bouillion left Japan for a year's vacation in France.

John Masson. Our "Charlie Chap-

lin" is delving in chemical experiments. Many have found success by tinkering with science. So keep her agoing!

Fred Schoene has joined the Civilian Aviation Corps of Japan. The higher your ambitions lie, the higher the goal you will reach. Go to it Fred, we expect you to cross the Pacific soon on a non stop flight!

James Budge made a flying visit to Canada and back during the summer. The sea was too calm for adventures and so he decided not to seek watery glory!

B. Gulaeff.—We were greatly surprised to receive a letter from him, addressed to one of his former teachers. He is now a doctor in Crimea, and is very anxious to keep in touch with his Alma Mater and his classmates, as Okawara, Bennet, Suzor and others of his class.

His address: Dr. B. Gulaeff, Theodosia, Crimea.

Jim Wilson and his mother visited the Old School on their way to America. Jim left his subscription for the "Forward." I see, you too are anxious to get this magazine. Rightly so.

M. Agafuroff "Aga" is now with the Jardine Matheson & Co. in Harbin doing splendidly. He wishes to keep in touch with the S. J. C. sport events. Your desires will be well attended to "Aga." Our thanks to you for the valuable list for this issue. Well, good luck and success to Murat.

Louis and Rupert Cox are now at Dayton getting along very well in their University course. They like their professors very much on account of their close resemblance to their former teachers of S. J. C. Our best to you both.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



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Semi-Permanent Electrification

By John S. Boyd ('19), B. Sc., St. Inst. E. E.

A DISCOVERY of interest to readers in Japan is recorded in an issue of "The Philosophical Magazine" (London). A distinguished Japanese physicist, Professor Eguchi Mototaro, of the Higher Naval College of Tokyo, has reported a discovery which promises to have far-reaching effects on the electron theory and, quite probably, on radio technique. He has discovered a way of obtaining what seems to be permanent electrification, analogous to the persistent magnetism of the familiar permanent magnets. Professor Eguchi has named his new invention the "permanent electret."

HOW IT IS MADE.

The process of making the electret is quite simple. A liquid mixture of melted wax-like substances is allowed to harden (by cooling) in a strong electric field. The wax plates thus produced are found to be permanently electrified. The wax mixture used in most of the experiments contains fifty per cent of ordinary resin, presumably from some species of pine tree, mixed with fifty per cent of carnauba wax. To this may be added a little beeswax, but this is not essential.

This melted mixture is poured into shallow, flat pans like pie tins. A metal plate is then lowered on to the top of the wax mixture and a strong electrostatic field is created between this metal plate and the metallic bottom of the pan that holds the wax. The source of charge is a vacuum-tube electrostatic generator. One side of the plate is permanently negative, the other side is permanently

positive. These charges last for years. Some have lasted since 1919. The voltage reached by this surface charge may be as high as 20,000 volts per centimetre. The density of the charge on one of the plates was measured as six electrostatic units per square centimetre of the surface.

Essentially, the meal pan and the superposed metal plate act as the two plates of a high-voltage condenser. The wax mixture hardens while it forms the dielectric of this condenser; that is, while it is exposed to enormous electrostatic stress. After it is hard the wax plate is found to be electrified in the reverse sense to the electrification of the condenser.

Scraping of the surface, washing it with acids or other conducting solutions, exposing it to the heat of a gas flame and similar processes destroy the surface charge temporarily, but the charge is restored quickly when the electret is allowed to stand with its surface protected by a metal plate or a sheet of metal foil. Professor Eguchi believes that the electrification is due to a fundamental rearrangement of the electrons and atoms inside the wax mixture, an electric "polarisation" which extends a substantial distance inward from the surface, if not altogether through the plate. The temporary destruction of the charge by solutions, flames and other agencies is ascribed to an accumulation of oppositely-charged ions on the surface. These annihilate temporarily the permanent charge of the electret. On standing, the accumulated ions escape and the permanent charge reappears.

It is obvious that these experiments are of the utmost interest from the viewpoint of atomic theory. If they are confirmed, and especially if they can be detected in plates of pure substances instead of in the mixtures actually used, they will indicate the possibility of creating a lattice structure of atoms in which there is a sufficient distortion of the atom (or electron) positions to cause a great lack of balance between the positive and negative charges. This is a new line of attack on the problems of atomic structure.

It will be remembered that about forty-five years ago, when the polariscope and spectroscope were being developed, Dr Brewster claimed to have made ARTIFICIAL crystals by melting together white wax and rosin and letting the mixture set under conditions of strong pressure. His slides so prepared showed double refraction, and rings like those given by a crystal viewed in convergent light.

POSSIBLE APPLICATIONS.

X-ray spectrographs recently taken by crystallographers show an unsuspected crystalline structure or lattice in wax mixtures and even in Canada Balsam. Many colloidal or amorphous bodies now appear to contain crystal structures whose behaviour under stresses has not yet been investigated.

We cannot say what the electret may lead us to, but it must be remembered that in 1600 the permanent magnet invented by William Gilbert had no apparent use. To-day magnets are indispensable, and a practical application of the electret is by no means outside the range of possibilities.

For an exhaustive thesis on the subject, the reader is referred to the article by Professor Eguchi himself "ON THE PERMANENT ELECTRET" in the "Philosophical Magazine" (London), vol. 49, pp. 178-192 (January, 1925).

(Editor's note: see Literary Digest Dec. 5, 25.)



By Walter Helm '26

Waste Slik Plant.

On November 18th the chemistry class, Seniors and Juniors, were invited to inspect Mr. Georges Audoyer's waste silk plant. As Mr. Audoyer was not there at the time, his

assistant, Mr. Bazin, explained the process of making use of such waste material as pierced and left over cocoons. The former are those from which the butterfly has escaped. The thread from these cannot be reeled

and they are therefore of no use to the raw silk industry. This waste is boiled and it yields a coarse straw like substance, which in turn is boiled in soap and soda and then it produces a soft cotton like stuff which when combed, forms the real long silk fiber.

Mr. Audoyer who later appeared upon the scene told us that his business was simply to judge, in a few moments, the percentage of pure silk in the dirty waste material. In this, he, his assistant, and one of his workmen, showed their accuracy by several examples. Just by touching and looking at the waste stuff for a moment, each wrote on a piece of paper the amount of pure silk he thought present. The results, when they differed at all, did so only by a fraction.

In one of the warehouses, we saw an army of women picking out stray pieces of foreign matter from the waste silk. After this it was placed in the hydraulic presses where it was compressed to about one tenth its original size. These bales weighed 120 lbs. each and Mr. Audoyer exports 35,000 of them every year.

We wish to express our appreciation for the knowledge acquired during our visit, likewise to Mr. Bazin and Mr. Audoyer.

Acetylene Works.

On Wednesday afternoon the Seniors and Juniors accepted an invitation to inspect the Kanagawa Acetylene Works. Mr. Tsutsui acted as guide. He explained how the air was taken in, made to pass thru lime to purify it, subjected to forty atmospheres pressure, passed thru cotton and sodium hydroxide to eliminate moisture and carbon dioxide, how it was cooled and further compressed until, after eight hours, the oxygen was liquified and the nitrogen allowed to escape. The oxygen soon

evaporated and was conducted to large tanks whence it was streamed into the 150 liter bombs which contain about 7000 liters of the compressed gas. We then went over to another building to see how acetylene was prepared from calcium carbide and water. The gas was dried by being passed thru calcium chloride and then into bombs, under pressure. Mr. Tsutsui showed us how the oxygen and acetylene are used commercially in cutting and welding iron. He also showed us a number of experiments with liquid oxygen such as the solidification of eggs, fruits, flowers and mercury. The Senior and Junior classes extend their cordial thanks to the Kanagawa Acetylene Works.

Mr. M. Papendieck.

We are more than thankful to Mr. M. Papendieck for his gift of a fine barometer to the college laboratory. Also for the kodak which is proving itself very useful.

M. Agafuroff.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Agafuroff on behalf of his recent gift of Yen 10.00 to the Forward.

The Municipal Authorities.

Our sincerest gratitude to the Municipal Authorities of Yokohama for their gift of Yen 3000.00 towards the rebuilding of St. Joseph's College.

Scout Neckties.

Mr. S. Otani made a present of fifty heavy blue silk neckties to the S. J. C. Boy Scout Troop. The Troop salutes Mr. Otani.

Lecture on Law.

Mr. Yamamoto, a prominent lawyer of Japan, gave the students of the Senior and Junior classes a very interesting lecture on Japanese law.

Mr. Yamamoto's lecture was eminently practical as could be seen from his constant use of the blackboards in aid of illustrating his ideas. The number and variety of the questions put to him for discussion bore on the three great phases of legislation in Japan. The students were much pleased with Mr. Yamamoto's free and frank way of explaining delicate points of the law.

Though Mr. Yamamoto spoke for over an hour it was all too short and the students are looking forward to another such lecture.

Matustake.

We are indebted to Mrs. Price and Mr. Galstaun, our Kwansai friends for their timely gifts of matsutake and also for the Tansan splits for the candy stand.

Games at Night.

Since the completion of a large, roomy, well lighted out-door shed, games are now played in rain or shine, day or night.

The Candy Stand.

At the beginning of the term we found that the Playground Fund was rather low. So a candy stand was called into being. Accordingly we bought a glass case and laid in a stock of Morinaga's candies. We are making a good trade, the seniors acting as salesmen. The returns are satisfactory; so far we made Yen 110.90.

St. Maur School.

Early in November the students of the College went to see the Convent building. We inspected it from basement to roof and were favorably impressed by the lofty rooms and wide hallways. The chemical, physical and botanical laboratories, the typewriting, sewing and singing rooms

were quite attractive. In some of the classrooms there were art exhibitions, very interesting and some fine work.

Mr. V. F. Rangel manager of P. Dourille & Co., Yokohama, presented to the College a complete radio receiving outfit. It has been installed in the laboratory and is giving very satisfactory service. Our sincere gratitude to Mr. Rangel.

Mr. J. B. Mason.

We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Mason, who donated to the College a radio loudspeaker.

M. S. M. Galstaun made a donation of a large engraving of L. da Vinci's Last Supper to the College and electrical apparatus for the laboratory. We are more than thankful to Mr. Galstaun.

Mr. Selles.

A donation of a series of books entitled "Wonders of the Past," was made by Mr. Selles. We wish to offer Mr. Selles our hearty thanks.

Graduates of '25.

Shortly after the graduation exercises, this year in Sumiyoshi, Mr. M. Agafuroff, Mr. L. Cox, and Mr. M. Fachtmann of the graduating class made a donation of five yen each, to the Forward. These gifts in money coming from the graduation gifts to the graduates, was a big sacrifice and truly worthy of all the thanks and praises we can give them. That's the spirit fellows! A thousand!

Miss Louise Kramer of Dayton Ohio deserves our hearty thanks for gifts in money, for annual subscriptions to several literary magazines, and for many kindly tokens of sympathy.

Mrs. Mary Metzger of Baltimore, Maryland, has won distinction as a regular benefactress of St. Joseph's College. Her latest gift was a check of \$100 for a stereopticon and two large parcels of apparel. Renewed hearty thanks!

Miss. Catherine Herold of Baltimore, Maryland, has gifted the College with a set of large oilstocks. We take this opportunity of offering her public thanks.

Teacher Associates

The following associates residing in America of S. J. C. faculty

members have cheerfully proffered assistance to our half-wrecked College by sending, at various times, gifts in money or in kind to our address:—

V. Rev. Lawrence A. Yeske,
Dayton O.

Rev. Walter Tredtin, Dayton O.
Bro. Wm. Dapper of Brooklyn.
Bro. Robert Holzmer, Normal
School.

Dr. William Wohleben, University
of Dayton.

Bro. Anthony Waldeck.
Bro. Frank Mayer, Baltimore Md.
Bro. A. Eiben of Honolulu
Bro. Peter Maier of San Francisco

Gifts for The Reconstruction Fund

(Up to December 1-1925)

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Mr. J. da Silva	100.00
Mr. E. Iwai	100.00
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S. J. C. Takes Laurel From Motomachi Shyuyodan.

Characteristic features of the game were the apparent contrast in the speed of the teams. In the first half, however, Motomachi fairly succeeded in checking the action of the fast Blue and White forwards. But in the second half the S. J. C. loopers completely outran their opponents.

Final score 42-9. Out of the 9 points, 5 were acquired by the free throws on personal fouls of our guards.

A. Dresser showed prominent among the forwards registering 18 points for the team.

"Saints" Defeat The Alumni In A Hot Encounter.

The game started with unusual speed but was accompanied by rough playing throughout, which increased in proportion as the points were scored.

The first precious point was scored by J. Henry and a few more followed in rapid succession. The S. J. C. forwards, in spite of the absence of some of their best players, worked hard to carry their team to victory. S. Dresser stood well against his tall opponent often out-jumping him.

E. Gomes of the S. J. C. A. exhibited excellent playing but owing to the close guarding of Agafuroff

and Kulikoff dropped the pill only twice through the loop.
Final score 33-8.

S. J. C. Victorious In The First Game Of The Kanagawa Basket-ball Championship.

The swift "Saints" inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Tokiwa-cho B with a score of 40-3.

The main causes of the victory will be best explained by the following account given in a Japanese Newspaper, "Saint Joseph's College gained the upper hand from the start by taking advantage of their size and weight. The dexterity and unity among the players far excelled that of the opposing 5."

"The Saints" played unusually gentle but on the other hand, Tokiwa-cho made many personal fouls by their rough guarding.

"Saints" Triumph Over Nichyu. In The Second Game Of The Championship.

This match had aroused much interest on account of the reputed fast Nichyu team opposed against the equally speedy Blue and White. However, Nichyu's combinations were completely destroyed by our close guarding and, moreover, their loose defence enabled S. J. C. to work out some of their pet plans.

Point after point was scored by A. Dresser to whose excellent efforts the victory was largely due. He acquired 20 points for the team.

Final score 30-9.

Another Victory In The Semi-final, S. J. C. vs Y. M. C. A.

Contrary to general expectations, the game was rather one sided from the start. The Y. M. team simply could not score and failed to profit on many favorable occasions.

S. J. played rather easy in the second half merely checking their opponents from scoring more, so as to be fresh in the final fight for the Championship which took place the same evening. Score 25-10.

Final Tussle For The Championship. "Saints" vs "13"

The Blue and White played the hardest game of the season. "13" with their swift passing evaded our boys and led the score by 9 points in the first half. 15-6.

In the beginning of the second half S. J. C. went into it like wild fire and ran up the score to 13. But by an unexpected combination, four minutes before the end "13" got the upper hand and dropped 5 more pills through the loop.

Final score 25-13.

S. J. C. "B" Basketball Team.

S. J. C. "B" Basketball team is also doing splendidly, captained by Bill Fehlen. Under the coaching of I. Agafuroff the loopers showed much improvement. Already they took two victories from Tateno "B", and Otori, 39-0 and 22-8 respectively.

S. J. C. "C" Basketball Team.

The youngsters captained by S. Mutow have the ambition to be the champions of Japan. They have started fine by walloping the Otori team. Keep it up kids!

S. J. C. Suffers From Gyosei The Fourth Defeat In The Past Twenty Years Of Intercollegiate Games.

The Blue and White 11 were caught unawares by the excellent passing and perfect combination of the Gyosei. In less than 10 minutes the first point was scored by the speedy Morning Star forwards which immediately was followed by another. Although the backs of S. J. C. were splendidly performing their duties, the Gyosei always broke through whenever the ball was sent up by their half backs.

About 5 minutes before the close of the first half, a free kick was called on the off-side made by our forwards. The pill was kicked off but sent back by our backs and landed far down the center line. Kulikoff, seizing the opportunity, carried the ball through their backs and scored the solitary point.

In the second half, the "Saints" again and again pressed hard upon the enemy's goal with renewed courage but their efforts were fruitless.

Gyosei missed 2 goals on penalty kicks by sending the ball into our goalkeeper's hands.

St. Joseph's Loses A Fast Soccer Game To Y. C. & A. C.

Following is a quotation from the Japan Times concerning the above, "St. Joseph's kicked off against the wind and even play followed, with

Y. C. A. C. pressing. Several corners were freed but many chances missed. The visitors played a very fast, open game, and missed a good opening within the first ten minutes of play.

"A ding-dong struggle lasted throughout the half with both sides attacking in turn, and time was called with no scores marked up."

"From the start of the second half play was fast and open on both sides. Several bursts by the College threatened danger, but were averted."

However, two minutes before the final a goal was made by one of the Y. C. men.

Score 1-0.

S. J. C. Football Squad.

M. Guterres	C. F.
F. Clarke	L. I.
K. Kosloff	L. W.
M. Ganin	R. I.
S. Dresser (Capt.)	R. W.
S. Kawazoe	C. H.
E. Nielsen	L. H.
J. Henry	R. H.
A. Dresser	L. B.
V. Kulikoff	R. B.
I. Agafuroff	G. K.

S. J. C. Basketball Team.

A. Dresser	C.
S. Dresser (Capt.)	R. F.
J. Henry	L. F.
S. Kawazoe	R. F.
K. Kosloff	L. F.
V. Kulikoff	L. G.
I. Agafuroff	R. G.



By I. Agafuroff, '26

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Preaching to Deaf Ears

Professor: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy?" Freshman: "Yes sir, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Some Worker

A Chinese newspaper contains this letter from an applicant for work:

"Sir,—I am Wang... I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great.....My last job has

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left itself from me; for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

He Knows It

Stranger: "Can you tell me where the post office is? Citizen: "There it is, right across the street. Any fool knows that."

Stranger: "That's why I asked you."

Evolution

If Darwin's theory is right, then the butterfly is surely the result of a fly in a dairy.

This Joke is That Old

Antiquarian: "Just think, those ruins are 2000 years old."

Wise Guy: "Aw, gwan, it's only 1926 now."

He Moved Fast

Medicine salesman: "And ladies and gentlemen. I have sold over one million bottles of this great Mexican remedy and never had a complaint. I ask you, what does this prove?"

Voice from the crowd: "That dead men tell no tales."

Getting Acquainted

First Pedestrian (to man who has just bumped into him):

"Clumsy idiot!"

Second ditto (with ready wit):
"Glad to know you. Mine's Brown."

Mutual Feeling

Diner (indignantly): "Bring the proprietor here at once there's a wasp in my soup!"

Waiter: "It's no use sending for the boss, sir, 'e's deadly scared of 'em 'imself."

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Customer: "Well do this one for me. It's a snap I took of a whale."

Not Surprising

"This weather does not agree with me."

"That's not surprising, it doesn't even agree with the weather-man."

She Wasn't Geographical

Old Colored Mammy: "Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides):
"Where is Florence madam?"

Old Colored Mammy: "Setting over dar on de bench suh."

More Dirt

Mike: "Do you think you'll get all that dirt back in the hole?"

Pat: "No, I guess not. I don't think I've dug it deep enough."

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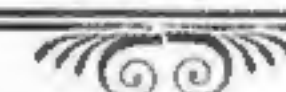
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